THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

" To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
" To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

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Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

The History of

GOSTANZA AND MARTUCCIO.

A FLORENTINE TALE.

(In continuation.)

GOSTANZA, as if for the last time threw a regard upon her native island; she then wrapped herself in her mantle, and laying down in the bottom of the vessel, resigned herself to tears. "My grief however, said she, approaches to its end. Yes, my Martuccio, I thus reject a life, which I can no longer devote to thee; before the morning sun of to morrow, our spirits will meet again. Ah, pitying Heaven, forbear again to divide us!"

Thus wept the wretched Gostanza, expecting with the impatience of despair, the last relief of the miserable, the solace of an immediate death. The expectation of Gostanza, however, was deceived; and Heaven, who governs the events of the life of mortals, and guides them by the most indirect means to the accomplishment of its purpose, had prepared another fate, and a happier destiny.

The vessel continued the remainder part of the day, and the whole of the following night, to sail before the wind, and as the sea was smooth, and the breeze itself rather fresh than violent, it sustained no injury from either. By this means, upon the dawn of the following morning, the boat had gained the opposite coast of Africa, and at length struck upon the shore near a city of the name of Susa, about a hundred miles below the harbour of Tunis.

Gostanza, being still wrapped in her mantle, and at length surprised in a deep sleep, was wholly insensible of her situation, nor knew whether her boat was upon the sea or land. It happened, that at the time when the boat had struck upon the shore, a poor woman, the wife of a fisherman, was mending the net of her husband; and her surprise was great, to see a vessel thus approach, and with extended sails rush upon the coast. She imagined, however, that some fisherman might have fallen asleep, and with this conjecture, approached to examine the boat. Her astonishment was increased, when she beheld no other person than a young woman, wrapped up in a mantle, and stretched amidst the water, which had now half filled the boat. The appearance of Gostanza, however, was not such as to excite terror; the woman, therefore, did not hesitate to awake her, and perceiving by her habit that she was a Christian, demanded of her, in the language of Lipari, by what means she had arrived thither. Gostanza hearing herself addressed in the language of her own island, suspected that her purpose had failed, and that the wind had driven her back to the coast she had left. With this apprehension, she raised herself upon her feet, and threw her eyes upon the country; every object, however, was new; she demanded, therefore, of the woman, into what country she had arrived.

"My daughter, replied the woman, you are upon the coast of Barbary, and near the city of Susa."

Gostanza, upon this, again lamented the severity of her fate, and more particularly her escape from death; but not knowing how to proceed, she again laid herself on the benches of the bark, and gave free vent to her tears. The grief of Gostanza, with the beauty and elegance of her form, excited the pity and interest of the woman; she exerted all her efforts to console her, and at length succeeded in leading her to the cottage of her husband.

Gostanza here related in what manner she had arrived upon the coast; the good woman from hence justly concluded her in want of refreshment, and setting bread, and some of the cheap wine of the country before her, invited her with so much earnestness, and so many caresses, to eat, that Gostanza was at length prevailed upon to lay aside her purpose of seeking death from a refusal of food. Gostanza now demanded of the woman who she was, and by what means she learned the language of Lipari? "My country, replied the woman, is the neighbourhood of Trapany, my name is Carapresa, and I live here in the service of some Christian fishermen."

Hearing the name of Carapresa, and learning that she was amongst Christians, though upon the coast of infidels, Gostanza, for the first moment, perceived a ray of hope to kindle in her mind, tho' had any one demanded what was the object of this hope, she had been utterly unable to explain; her mind, however, under this influence, became easier, her former wish of death vanished, and she consented with greater readiness to take the food, which the kindness of the woman still continued to offer. In relating to the good woman the manner by which she had arrived upon the coast of Barbary, she had mentioned nothing further

than that she had been surprised into a sudden sleep, and that the wind and tide had thus driven her at their caprice ; she had concealed her name, her misfortune, her condition, and the place from which she had come. She now intreated the woman to have pity upon her youth, and give her that counsel and assistance which might enable her to escape without injury to her virtue.

" I will go and put up my nets which I have left upon the shore, (replied Carapresa) and when I return, I shall have thought of something in the way. Do you, my child, remain here, you have nothing to fear at present; but beware you do not approach the door, lest some of the Moors of the country should see you; your beauty would then be your ruin."

Saying this, Carapresa left her for the purpose she had mentioned. After some interval, she returned; and commanding Gostanza to wrap herself in her mantle, and, according to the custom of the country, veil her face, she conducted her under this concealment to the neighbouring town of Susa. She had no sooner arrived here, than she thus addressed her :

" I am leading you, my daughter, to the house of a Saracen lady of reputation ; she has often had occasion for my services, and as I ever discharged my duty with equal honesty and punctuality, she has been pleased to reward me with the expression of her good will. I will recommend you to her in the strongest manner I am able, and your appearance will not only confirm whatever I shall say, but will speak with yet more effect than myself ; your mein and your form is that of a liberal condition, and your language and manners correspond ; I have no doubt, therefore but she will receive you upon my recommendation, and entertain you as her daughter ; be it your part to cultivate her affection."

The woman had scarcely finished, when they arrived at the door of the lady. They were admitted without delay ; and Carapresa performed the part she had undertaken, that of recommending Gostanza to the good grace of the Saracen widow. Her words were not without their desired effect ; the lady, who was now advanced in years, after regarding the features of Gostanza, began to weep in pity for the forlorn condition to which a young woman of an appearance so liberal, was reduced. Taking her hand, and saluting her forehead, she conducted her into her house, and from that moment entertained her as her daughter. Nor did Gostanza reply to her affection with less tenderness. There were several other women in the house besides Gostanza, but no man ; the trade of the widow, and of the women her slaves, was that of working in silks and palm-leaves. Gostanza had not been in the house but a few days, before she could work with equal speed and skill to those of her companions ; she now, therefore, became a no less useful than pleasing partner of her labours ; nor did she long remain ignorant of the language of the country; in a word, Gostanza was no less loved, than admired by the widow and her whole household ; the former commanded her to address her by no other name than that of mother, and daily offered up her thanks in mosque, that, as it had pleased Heaven to deprive her of her own children, it had thus repaired her loss by the gift of Gostanza. Such was the effect of her virtue, her manners, and beauty.

It is now time to return to Martuccio. You may remember that at the period of our narrative, in which we left him, he had been presented by Hamet to Soliman the Dey of Tunis, and accepted by the latter as the immediate attendant on his person. He had continued in this condition of servitude at the time in which Gostanza was admitted into the house of the good widow. At this period, however, a new accident relieved him from a situation so unworthy of his merit, and hastened the final purpose of fortune.

The present Dey of Tunis, as we have already mentioned, was Soliman, the favourite minister of the late prince, and by the advantage of that circumstance alone, elected to his present eminence. The Moors were at that time in possession of the greater part of Spain, and more particularly of the city and kingdom of Grenada. The king of this state produced a claim to the throne of Soliman, and summoned him to surrender the usurped dignity to his superior right. Soliman, whom favour had advanced, but whom merit had confirmed in his empire, returned an answer of scorn and defiance.

" As to your right to my throne, (said the proud Infidel,) you have mistaken your desire for your right ; but if the appetite for dominion can constitute such a right, I likewise have the same right to the state of Grenada. Surrender, therefore, your usurped dignity, admit me to my throne of Grenada, or your head shall answer for your refusal."

With this mixture of irony and pride, did the Dey reply to the demand of the ambassadors of Grenada. War, therefore, was immediately declared between the two princes, and Mariabdel, the king of Grenada, was hourly expected to lead his army in person to the invasion of the state of Tunis. Martuccio, being in the very centre of the scene, could not avoid learning the cause of the general hurry and preparation ; and being one day in discourse with one of the officers of state, said to him in confidence,—" If the king would demand my advice, I would give him such counsel as should secure him a certain victory." Soliman happened to overhear these words, but passed forward without any present notice. A royal council, however, being called in the evening, to consider of the means of carrying on the impending war, you may guess the astonishment of Martuccio, when a slave summoned him to attend the assembly. His surprise was not without reason. It was the custom of Tunis, that none but

the ministers of the court, and a few of the most distinguished of the first order of the nobility, should be permitted to attend the council.

(To be Continued.)

From the Pastime.

WE are apt to think that the little variations between one character and another, are to be overlooked in our estimation of men, and that he who is good *in the main*, may indulge *trivial* errors, and commit *light* indiscretions, without being subject to censure or reproach. I have, for this reason, often thought it was unfortunate for men, that the shades of character could not be painted to the eye, in the same manner as we paint the beautiful and deformed in figures. The stronger traits may indeed be marked. How Brutus looked, when, with the dagger concealed under his cloak, he marched through the senate house, bent on the murder of Cæsar, the painter may easily show—'tis but to give his brow the darkness of an assassin. to paint anxious fear on his face, to bend his body, and lay his arms around it, like one wrapped up in some black, mysterious design, and the *character* is palpable to the eye. But, truly and effectually to paint Petronius when he practices the arts of deception, cheats the friend who trusted him, and ruins the innocent and unsuspecting Clytemnestra with a false, fair promise, is a mark beyond the painters art. Make him fair, and you fail to shew his deformity of heart—make him foul, and it is not the Petronius who cheated his friend, and ruined Clytemnestra.

ADVICE TO MARRIED WOMEN.

By Mrs. Bennington.

REMEMBER, infallibility is a property of man, or you may entail disappointment on yourself, by expecting what is never to be found. The best of men are sometimes so inconsistent with themselves, they are liable to be hurried by sudden starts of passion, into expressions and actions which their cooler reason will condemn. They may have some oddities of behaviour, some peculiarities of temper, be subject to accidental ill humour, or whimsical complaints; blemishes of this kind often shade the brightest characters, but are never destructive of mutual felicity, unless made by some improper resentment, or an ill-judged opposition.—Reason can never be heard by passion, the offer of it only tends to inflame the more; cooled to his usual temper, if wrong, the man of understanding will suggest to himself all that can be urged against him. The men of good nature unupbraided, own an error; contradiction at the time, is therefore wholly unfavourable, and highly imprudent; and after repetition, equally unnecessary and unjudicious. Any peculiarities in the temper, or behaviour, ought to be properly represented, in the tenderest and most friendly manner, and if done discreetly, will in most instances, be generally well taken. But if they are so habituated, as not easily to be altered, strike not too often upon the unharmonious string, rather let them pass unobserved, such a cheerful compliance will cement your union, and they made easy to yourself, by reflecting on the superior good qualities, by which these trifling faults are so generally overbalanced.

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HUMANITY.

Remarkable

ANECDOTE OF DEAN SWIFT.

THE Dean was one morning standing at his study window, and from thence observed a decent elderly woman offering a paper to one of his servants, which the fellow at first refused, with an insolent and surly aspect. The woman, however, pressed her suit with all the energy of distress, and in the end prevailed. The Dean, whose soul was the seat of compassion, saw, felt, and was determined to alleviate her misery.—He every moment expected the servant with the paper, but to his surprize and indignation, an hour elapsed, and he did not present it. The day was cold and wet, and the wretched petitioner still retained her station, with many an eloquent and anxious look at the house. The benevolent divine lost all patience, and was going to ring the bell, when he observed the servant cross the street, and return the paper with the utmost *sang froid* and indifference. Rightly judging the case, he threw up the sash, and demanded loudly what the paper contained. 'It is a petition, please your reverence,' replied the woman. 'Bring it up, rascal,' cried the enraged Dean!—The surprized and petrified servant obeyed. With Swift, to know, was to pity,—to pity, to relieve.—The poor woman was instantly made happy—and the servant almost as instantly turned out of the doors, with the following written testimonial of his conduct:

"The bearer lived two years in my service, in which time he was frequently drunk, and negligent of his duty; which, conceiving him to be honest, I excused; but at last detecting him in a flagrant instance of cruelty, I discharge him." Such were the consequences of this paper, that for seven years the fellow was an itinerant beggar; after which, the Dean forgave him; and, in consequence of another paper, equally singular, he was hired by Mr. Pope, with whom he lived, till death removed him.

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AS it is more honourable to teach than to be taught, so it is less shame to learn than to be ignorant.

It is good for a man to have praise when he deserves it; but it is better to deserve praise when he hath it.

Credulity is oftentimes the dream of fools, and the blind nurse of dangerous security.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

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RELIGION AND INFIDELITY.

A VISION.

THE illustrious Deity, seated on his throne of glory, and surrounded with the dignified inhabitants of heaven, called together a council, and intimated his design of bringing to his bar, Infidelity, and Religion, who had long been opponents to each other in the nether world. The design created a loud shout of approbation through the arches of Heaven, and two messengers were dispatched for the purpose of conveying them thither.

Quick as the vivid lightning in its course, the ambassadors fulfilled their orders, and *Infidelity* approached the bar of the GREAT JUDGE.

His garb was gay; he was clad in the vesture of Dignity and Ambition; Gloom scowled on his brow, and haughty Defiance sat on his countenance; with presumptuous boldness he approached, undismayed at the fiery anger which appeared to beam forth from the eyes of his judge.

Robed in the habit of Meekness, Humility in her gait, Gentleness in her air, and the sweetest Resignation in her modest countenance, the fair form of Religion, irradiated with the emanations of Deity, also presented herself at the bar.

Silence was maintained by all the angelic host, while the sacred spirits consulted on the subject. Abashment tinged the cheek of Religion, yet celestial Hope animated her bosom. The visage of Infidelity was dark as the regions of Chaos, and Pride, Doubt, and Despair, appeared to struggle in his breast. At length the fiat of *Infinity* was pronounced.

"*Infidelity*, long hast thou endeavoured to shake the eternal basis of my throne, and the just vengeance of my wrath hath not yet crushed thy daring designs into ruin; long has mankind been deceived by the plausibility of thy tale, and the licentiousness of thy laws has pleased the ears of the degenerate sons of men; unawed by justice, they have sheltered beneath thy ebon banner, and committed deeds which thy falsifying tongue assured them would never be brought to light; their society has ruined and endangered the spirits of thousands, and tens of thousands shall rise up and curse thee; on earth thy only standard of justice was such as could not be avoided by thy sophistry, and the fear of detection only, checked the rashness of thy career, which, but for that, would have been yet more extensive. Get thee to the depths of unbounded misery! begone from my presence to the kingdom of darkness; but wait the event of thy opponent's sentence, and let an additional view of thy criminality increase the anguish of thy soul!"

Thus spake the Wrath of Heaven; but in terms of mercy the address to *Religion* began:

"Daughter of Felicity! offspring of Truth! hail to the mansions of peace! welcome to light and immortality!" A full choir resounded the lay through the vaults of Heaven; ætherial glory glowed on the maiden's countenance, while each reverberating note sunk deeper horror into the heart of the condemned captive.

The voice proceeded: "Thy breath has ever exhaled the dictates of truth; the happiness of man, the first of my creation, has been the object of thy wishes, and wherever thy reign has extended, Joy has held out his golden sceptre; Hope has fired the bosom of the dying saint, whose life has been spent in the exercise of virtue. Thy sufferings have been many, while Infidelity has reared his hydra head: but time is now over; eternity begins. Hail, fair daughter! welcome to the embraces of Deity! welcome to the bosom of unalloyed bliss!"

She ascended, blazing with splendour, into the celestial regions, shouts of glory accompanied her entrance, while the bleared eyes of Infidelity could no longer behold the sight, and he sunk, amidst shrieks of horror, to the shades of everlasting woe. S.

SENTIMENTS
ON LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

THERE is no passion whatever, that exposes us to such delusions as love. We take its violence for a symptom of its duration; the heart, overwhelmed with such an agreeable sensation, extends itself to futurity; and while the heat of love continues, we flatter ourselves it will never cool.

Love is consumed by its own ardour: it glows in youth, it grows faint with decaying beauty, and is utterly extinguished by the frost of age.

Sooner or later, adoration will cease; then the idol which we worshipped, being demolished, we reciprocally see each other in a true light, and look with surprise upon the object, on which we doated.

Love is attended with a continual inquietude of jealousy, or the dread of separation, by no means suited to a married life, which should be a state of peace and tranquillity.

Lovers attend to nothing but each other, they are incessantly engaged with each other; and all that they regard, is to shew their mutual affection; but this is not enough for a married pair, who have so many other objects to engage their attention.

It is a mistake that love is absolutely necessary to make the marriage state happy. Honour, virtue, and a certain conformity, not so much of age and condition, as of temper and inclination, are the requisites in the conjugal state.

Such an union will produce an affectionate attachment, which, though it does

not amount to love, is not less agreeable, and is much more permanent.

The intent of matrimony, is not for man and wife to be always taken up with each other, but jointly to discharge the duties of civil society, to govern their family with prudence, and educate their children with discretion.

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ANECDOTE.

Translated from the Greek.

Two Jewish soldiers, in the time of Vespasian, made many campaigns together, and a participation of danger, at length bred an union of hearts. They were marked through the whole army, as the two friendly brothers: they felt and fought for each other. Their friendship might have continued without interruption till death, had not the good fortune of the one alarmed the pride of the other, which was in his promotion to be a Centurion, under the famous John, who headed a particular part of the Jewish male contents.

From this moment their former love was converted into the most inveterate enmity. They attached themselves to opposite factions, and sought each other's lives in the conflict of adverse party. In this manner they continued for more than two years, vowing mutual revenge, and animated with an unconquerable spirit of aversion.

At length, however, that party of the Jews, to which the mean soldier belonged, joining with the Romans, it became victorious, and drove John, with all his adherents, into the Temple. History has given us more than one picture of the dreadful conflagration of that superb edifice. The Roman soldiers were gathered round it; the whole Temple was in flames, and thousands were seen amidst them, within its sacred circuit. It was in this situation of things, that the now successful soldier saw his former friend on the battlements of the highest to looking round with horror, and just ready to be consumed with flames. All his former tenderness now returned; he saw the man of his bosom just going to perish, and unable to withstand the impulse, he ran, spreading his arms, and crying out to his friend, to leap down from the top, and find safety with him. The Centurion from above heard and obeyed; and, casting himself from the top of the tower into his fellow soldier's arms, both fell a sacrifice on the spot; one being crushed to death by the weight of his companion, and the other dashed to pieces by the greatness of his fall.

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For the Lady's Miscellany.

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ON MAGNANIMITY.

The feelings and passions of mankind are so various in their operations, and so diversified in their appearances, that to trace them to their sources, to examine their influence on society, and to illustrate their effects upon individuals, must always remain an arduous task; but the difficulty here experienced, is, perhaps, more than compensated by the interesting nature of the subject. Should we at present succeed in raising one generous emotion in the breast of our readers, the design of this essay would be fully compleated.—In our natures, there are some dispositions and feelings, which deserve to be roused, and called into action more frequently than others; among this number, is the spirit of magnanimity. Man is endowed by his Creator with the faculties of reasoning and reflection; these point out to him his moral and religious duties; they teach him to separate truth from error; to pursue what is just and honourable, and to avoid what is vicious and unbecoming. Prudence on the other hand instructs him to calculate his own wants, to supply his own necessities, and pursue his own interests; but magnanimity disdaining these inferior considerations marks out for itself a more noble and exalted path. It lays not claims to prudence, or caution, it seeks not fame nor honour, it respects not rank, nor riches, but strives by the labours of intellect, by the exertions of benevolence, and the sacrifice of fortune, to benefit mankind. It partakes of every thing noble and dignified, in the nature of man. It is not generosity, it is not courage, it is not patriotism; but it is a conjunction of these sublime virtues. He who possesses only one of these qualities, can never be entitled to the exalted epithet of magnanimous. The generous man may be a highly useful and ornamental member of society; his powers may be exerted in relieving the poor, in succouring the distressed, and sympathizing with the unfortunate; but the sphere of his benevolence must necessarily be narrow and circumscribed; extending, perhaps, only to the limits of the city, the town, or village, which gave him birth. Patriotism is so closely interwoven with our natures, that to attempt their seperation, would be a vain and useless undertaking. This animating principle diffuses itself throughout society, and each individual is proud in his professions of attachment to his native soil. But when this passion is carried to excess, when it oversteps the bounds of justice and moderation, when it seeks to agrandize its own country, by trampling on the rights and liberties of others, then may we justly prononnce it a dangerous and criminal propensity. The warrior who employs his talents in the service of his country, is entitled to her respect and gratitude. Bravery is a quality which has ever been held in the highest estimation; upon this, the safety, the welfare, and preservation of a state must always depend. Where courage is not, there virtue and independence cannot be; but we may remark that, an able warrior is not always an accomplished statesman, and that he who is most successful in military affairs, may be least adapted to steer the helm of civil government. The fame and reputation of a general likewise, do not rest so much upon his moral qualities, as upon his courage and intrepidity; he may be dissolute, arrogant, and imperious, yet

shall his glory remain undiminished. But the magnanimous man must be a virtuous man.—He must be generous, and disinterested; brave, and uncorrupted; he must possess strength of mind sufficient to form and execute the greatest schemes; and a firmness of spirit which cannot be shaken by the threats or menaces of enemies, or moved by the insinuations of partiality or friendship; he must be open, generous, sincere; and superior to artifice or meanness; vigourous in resolve, speedy in execution, warm in his attachments, and lasting in his friendships. This perhaps, you may say, is a picture overcharged, and which has no resemblance in nature; but the histories of ancient and modern times contradict your assertion. Such were the Aristides, the Phocion, and Epaminondas of Greece; such were the Regulus, the Scipio, and Brutus, of Rome; such were the Hambden, and Sidney, of England; and such the Montgomery, and Washington, of America.

Magnanimity is seldom if ever found to exist under a despotic government, where the will of the sovereign is the law of the land; there cringing servility, and slavish submission, is the character of the people: nothing great or honourable can be achieved by a nation of slaves. A Republic alone, will ever remain the favourite seat of magnanimous actions; here the energies of man have their full scope; here reason, unshackled, maintains an absolute sway; and here virtue and bravery, presiding over the breast of each freeman, leads him when his country is in circumstances of difficulty and danger, to the performance of deeds, which not only renders him honoured whilst living, but revered when dead. To the tombs of those departed heroes who have fought and bled in their country's cause, who have protected her liberties by their valour, and who have enlightened her counsels by their wisdom, the mind often reverts with a mournful glance. At their loss, the whispers of discontent and malevolence are heard no more; the spirit of party, and the jealousy of rivalship, are buried together in oblivion. Their former enemies forget their once implacable hatred, their contemporaries mourn their fall, and posterity celebrates their virtues. L.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

ADDRESS TO THE MOON.

Fairest of night's fair messengers! effluence of Heaven! I hail thy coming! Thy presence brings tranquillity; man beholds thee, and his passions rest! Thy appearance oftentimes gives serenity to the oppressed mind. Bright queen of night! when I behold thee emerging from yon dark cloud, riding in solemn majesty, thou art like the spirit of the god-like man when it leaveth earth for heaven! Blest inspirer of blest thoughts! how do thy mild rays kindle the "vital spark" within, and fan the flame till it ascend to Heaven!—Mother of Love! I hail thee! when I view thee as thou art, all mild and glorious, thou seemest to me like the presence of the friend I love!—Thy mild beams playing on the gently-swelling wave,—thy image reflected on its surface, while thy mighty power, alternate, bids it rise and fall, is like that Heaven which gives to man tranquillity, amidst the storms of life!—Nor do I shrink, when I see myself reflected, for I am, like thee, Heaven born!—But when I behold thy declining, and the shadows of yon tall poplar reaching to that wave, where no more I see thee, nor myself thou givest to imagination themes that thought can never bound!

MALVINA.

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

JUSTICE.

AS one of the Sultans lay encamped on the plains of Avala, a certain great man of the army entered, by force, into a peasant's house, and finding his wife very handsome, turned the good man out of his dwelling, and went to her bed.—The peasant complained the next morning to the Sultan, and desired redress, but was not able to find out the criminal. The Emperor, who was very much incensed at the injury done to the poor man, told him that the offender might give his wife another visit, and if he did, commanded him immediately to repair to his tent, and acquaint him with it.—Accordingly, within two or three days, the officer again entered the house, and turned the owner out of doors, who thereupon applied himself to the imperial tent, as he was ordered.—The Sultan went in person, with his guards, to the poor man's house, where he arrived about mignight. As the attendants carried each of them a flambeau in their hands, the Sultan ordered all the lights to be put out; and gave the word to enter the house, find out the criminal, and put him to death.—This was immediately executed, and the corse laid out upon the floor, by the Emperor's command.—He then bid every one light his flambeau, and stand about the dead body; the Sultan approaching it, looked upon the face, and immediately fell upon his knees in prayer. Upon his raising up he ordered the peasant to set before them whatever food he had in his house: the peasant brought out a great deal of coarse fare, of which the Emperor eat very heartily. The peasant seeing him in good humour, presumed to ask of him, why he ordered the flambeaux to be put out before he had commanded the adulterer to be slain? Why, upon their being lighted again, he looked upon the face of the dead body, and fell down by it in prayer? and why, after this he had ordered meat to be set before him, of which he now eat so heartily? The Sultan being willing to gratify the curiosity of his host, answered in this manner: "Upon hearing the greatness of the offence which had been committed by one of the army, I had reason to think it might have been one of my own sons; for who else could I suppose so audacious and presuming? I gave orders, therefore, for the lights to be extinguished, that I might not be led astray, by partiality or compassion, from

doing justice on the criminal.—Upon lighting the flambeaux a second time, I looked upon the face of the dead man, and to my inexpressible joy, found that it was not my son. It was for this reason that I immediately fell on my knees, and gave thanks to God.—As for my eating heartily of the food you set before me, you will cease to wonder at it, when you know, that the great anxiety of mind I have been under upon this occasion, since the complaints you brought me, has hindered my eating any thing from that time till this very moment."

SELECT SENTENCES.

HAIL, pure friendship!—thou art something which none can truly taste, but those of warm passions, and a refined genius.

" Nice Honour was truly thy sire,
Soft Sympathy calls thee her child,
Enthusiasm gave thee her fire,
Sensibility nurs'd thee—and smil'd."

Love begins with love :—no warm passions ever succeed an ardent friendship.

Do some wise men know, that even prejudices and follies may result from sensibility? and that the reason *they* are *not prejudiced* and *foolish*, may have been that they were *insensible?*

Some men talk sensibly, and act foolishly : some talk foolishly, and act sensibly. The first laugh at the last, and the last cheat the first.

Vanity is the *poison* of agreeableness ; yet, like some other poisons, properly and artfully applied, has as salutary an effect in commerce and society, as in medicine.

The man of humour, the droll, he who enchants the whole listening circle with the spirit and fire of his wit, if another, who excels him in the same way, is introduced into the company, will not only appear *less*, but will sink into nothing. Thus, if you let the beams of the sun into your room, they will put out the fire.

What nice distinctions are to be made in the characters of mankind? Contempt for money, and profusion, have the same line of separation between them, that virtue and vice have.

Taste is not so dangerous, except when the pursuit of its object is the constant employment of our time.

Friendship is to love, what an engraving is to a painting—*True :* the brilliant colours of the painting fade ; the print *always remains the same, till it is annihilated.*

To Readers and Correspondents.

To the piece entitled " Constancy," in our last number, the signature of Malvina was affixed through mistake, it should have stood as anonymous.

Aurelia's remarks on Coquetry, shall appear in our next number. A continuance of her observations is solicited.

" Toussaint's Farewell," suits not the purpose of our Miscellany, we cannot touch upon political subjects.

" What force of language can the bliss impart,
Th' impetuous joy that glows in either heart,
When, with delicious agony, the thought
Is to the verge of high delirium wrought ;
O'er all the nerves, what tender tumults roll,
When love with sweet inchantment melts the soul.'

MARRIED,

On Sunday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Milledoler, Mr. Elijah Whipple, to Miss Catharine Bartlet, both of this city.

At Staten-Island, on the 4th inst. by the rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. Robert Clements, to Miss Sarah Conyers, both of Bermuda.

On Saturday evening, Mr. Cornelius Barting, to Miss Margaret Bird, both of Staten-Island.

DIED.

On Sunday morning, Mr. Charles Rivington, youngest son of the late Mr. James Rivington.

In North-Carolina, Mr. Samuel Dalton, aged 115 years. He has never lost his appetite, by indisposition, a single hour. He was but once married, and there are now living, 600 of his offspring. The dysentary terminated his life suddenly.

On Sunday evening, of a lingering illness, John De Peyster, Esq. aged 76 years.

On Thursday morning, Mr. John Tom, merchant of this city, aged 33 years.

On Thursday morning, Mrs. S. R. Wright, wife of Mr. Grove Wright, aged 21 years.

On Thursday evening, Walter Taylor, son of Dr. Taylor.

MILES HITCHCOCK,
HAS FOR SALE AT HIS
TEA STORE,
No. 36 Maiden-Lane, corner of Nassau-street...
Imperial tea in cannisters of 2 pounds each.
Ditto do. in boxes containining 7 and 14 lbs.
Hyson Tea, in cannisters of 2 pounds.
Do. do. in boxes of 14 pounds.
Souchong, do. in boxes of 10 lbs.
Also Imperial, Hyson, Young Hyson, Hyson Skin, and Souchong Teas by the chest, or single pound, fresh, and of superior quality.
100 boxes Rosett's best Spanish segars.
Also, a few choice pine-apple cheese, together with a general assortment of Groceries.
Families supplied on liberal terms, and Ship tores put up at the shortest notice. May 2.

CISTERNS,
Made and put in the ground complete, warranted tight, by ALFORD & MARVIN.
No. 15, Catharine-street, near the Watch house,

This day is Published, by J. OSBORN, at his Circulating Library and Bookstore, 13 Park,
(Price 75 cents)
A Satirical Poem, entitled,
" *FASHION'S ANALYSIS* ;
Or,
A WINTER IN TOWN,
By Sir Anthony Avalanche, with notes illustrations, &c. by
GREGORY GLACIER, Gent.
Argument to Part 1st—Invocation ; sentiment at a ball ; sound lover ; a fop ; a woman that *would* be fashionable ; a fashionable woman ; a family picture ; dialogue between a modern mother and her daughter ; Brag at full length ; a modern tea party ; a squeeze ; fashionable topics ; the student in distress ; real wit ; sham wit ; cards ; gallery of portraits ; an enquiry after woman as she *should be* ; conclusion.
May 30.

MUSIC SCHOOL.
DR. JACKSON, respectfully acquaints his friends and the public, that his School is now open at his house No. 119 Bowery, at the usual moderate terms of twelve dollars per quarter.
Ladies and gentlemen attended at their own houses as usual. Dec 27.

B. T. LONGBOTHOM, SURGEON DENTIST,
Late pupil to Mr. Whitewood, of London,
OFFERS his services in the line of his profession to the inhabitants of New-York and its vicinity. His residence is no. 41 Murray street, where all messages are requested to be left in writing. Mr. L. will attend any lady or gentleman at their own house, and to those families that are numerous, Boarding Schools, or other Seminaries, desirous of his regular attendance, his charges will be more moderate than persons thoroughly conversant with their profession usually make.
His Dentrifice, at one dollar per box, with brushes in sets, or otherwise, may be had as above. A deduction of one shilling will be made on each empty box, or brush handle returned. June 6.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

"A PRETTY FELLOW IS BUT HALF A MAN."

A pretty fellow
Oft you'll meet,
And always see him in the street,
With head by R. D. H———s made,
A dashing, fashionable blade;
Like some rare show, on each fair day
He struts and prances through Broadway;
He's called a beaux by all the ladies,
And yet men say but half a man is!

But half a man,—
'Tis hard to aver,
Thou art so pretty, "sweet" monsieur,
I'd rack my little female brain,
To find for thee another name;
But when I see thy mushroom head,
Thy callous heart to virtue dead,
I cease—nor try thy powers to scan,
But say, Go home, and be a—MAN!

MALVINA.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

TELL me ye swains who trust in dress,
And follow fashion's giddy train;
Who, flattering cringe, our power confess,
Think you womens hearts to gain?

For you who kneel at Fashion's shrine,
And worship idol beauty there,
And conscious pass the improv'd in mind,
For those that beauty's semblance wear;

Your foppish airs and self conceit,
The flattery you so much approve,
Too plain a vacant mind bespeak,
Ever to gain you woman's love.

We love that niceity of mind
That veileth purity of heart;
With dignity and ease combin'd,
Guided by virtue's faithful chart.

We love that virtue fix'd and firm,
That on itself can safely rest,
Superior to the world's dread frown
Though by misfortune sore oppress'd.

Such firmness is to us a shield,
And guides us through life's stormy way;
To such our hearts we fain would yield,
And love with truest love repay.

EULA.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

EPIGRAM.

"Who carries the belle in your town," asked a stranger,
Our belle, my good sir, is call'd madam Ranger;
She is pure as a snow-drop, and fair as a lilly,
But, like modern town belles, she is thought very silly;
Like ladies who ring, she dashes pellmell,
But 'tis only a SHEEP "which carries our bell."

MALVINA.

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

THE ROSE.

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her that wastes her time, and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young
And shuns to have her graces spy'd,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth
Of beauty, from the light retir'd:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

THE THEFT.

I stole a kiss!
A kiss, than incense sweeter, or the gale
Rifling nectarious dews! extatic bliss!
Not all the honied stores of balmy Spring,
Or autumn bearing the replenish'd horn;
Nor pleasures of the bright-eyed Fancy born,
Which fleet across the brain on gilded wing,
And ever as the faint ideas hold,
Diffuse their raptures o'er the charmed mind,
Can with such raptures all the feelings bind
As sweet affection's kiss!—then be not cold
But, chaster than the mate-enamour'd dove,
Impart the sacred pledge, the bond of love.

BEN JOHNSON AND THE FISH.

It was in *first* King James' days,
For so the story-teller says,
Ben Johnson, that dramatic wight,
Was dining with a jovial Knight,
Fond of a song or classic wit,
Ben, to a peg, his fancy hit;
For 'tis not always that we see
Rich men possess ability,
They oft refer to poorer folk
To lend their leaden brains a joke,
And swear the wit was all their own.
The board was spread with goodly fare,
Enough to make a poet stare;
The bard first made his choice of fish,
The Knight soon help'd him to his wish,
But scarce had Ben received his plate,
Ere he began to scratch his pate,
And, rising from his chair upright,
He bit his lips as 'twere in spite,
Anon, just like a madd'ning elf,
He'd mutter inward to himself;
In converse close did next appear,
Holding the Haddock to his ear,
And in a parly seem'd to be
About some hidden mystery.
The Knight on Ben now fixed his eyes,
And staring on him with surprise,
He thought him frantic grown and wild,
Ask'd if Old Harry had beguil'd
Him of his wits.—"O no, sir, no!
There is, Sir Knight, if you would know,
A secret 'tween this fish and me;
I ask'd him when he left the sea"
The donor, loudly laughing, cry'd,
"Pray tell us what the fish reply'd."—
"Three weeks, good sir, his answer goes,
Nay, only hold it to your nose,
For I have not the smallest doubt
But you will smell the secret out."
The Knight adher'd to his request,
And found *the force of Johnson's jest.*

WINE.

A vine bears *three* kind of grapes, said Anacharsis; the first of pleasure, the second of drunkenesss, the third of repentance.

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